

CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

**ROSEMARY
CLOONEY**
TOMBOY WITH
TALENT

EVELYN WEST:
WHY STRIPPERS
SHOULD
STAY SINGLE

WHAT MAKES
JERRY LEWIS
GO?

**PINUP ART
IN FULL
COLOR**



AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER

DOLores DEL RAYE, Cabaret's main attraction for May, is a strong contender for top honors in the show biz polls, for she has pulled her career in these short years into top billing across the nation. But in *Forbidden Thirds* we learn in his story about her on page 24, she is also a girl who takes no nonsense from movie cameras unless, whether they are fast or not.

COVER



SPOTLIGHT

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of talk over the past few years about the loss of movie influences which are rubbing away at America's night life, reducing it from glittering grandeur to a dim and faded shadow.

Yet the picture that Cabaret's writers and photographers report each month is far different. Seating into their accustomed chair at the front table there are unfolding before them a panorama of excitement and excitement unrivaled, for all that the old timers say about the gold old days.

And, as the places and personalities presented in this issue prove, the old amusements are not wholly gone. Greenwich Village, traditional center of vibrant entertainment is still there. The village, as Martin Cooper tells in his article about it, is still a fertile plot producing much in the way of good fun. New personalities on the night life scene offer another indication that the show isn't going down. On the contrary, Dolores Del Raye, a beauty who is much too smart to board a ghost ship, and is introduced in this issue.

Speaking of new faces, featured in this issue is Cabaret's own appraisal of the new look on an old dame—the delicious Jerry Lewis' new personality as a singer. Jack Wilson gives an intimate backstage and offstage view of the most talked-about culture entertainer.



SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH

JERRY ARNOLD, the singer, who also takes Cabaret's spotlight this month, is, at 22, a witness of first years in the Cabaret circuit, and has been nominated for the "West Coast" title of the "West Coastful Girl on Broadway" by the men who know—the theatrical photographers.

CABARET®

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VOL. II

No. 12

CONTENTS



WHAT MAKES JERRY LEWIS GO? 4
 Despite accusations to work and abundance of talent has made Jerry come close to no single says JANE MILLER.

AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER 10
 With dancing black ball solo, erotic dances and huge trouble rate circulator moment in story by FRANKLIN THIELF

GREENWICH VILLAGE: BECCA FOR MADCAP MERRIMENT 14
 Traditional sex for off-beat living, is good night club business not declining says LEONARD BENNETT of Greenwich Village

ROSEMARY CLOONEY: THE TOMBOY WITH TALENT 22
 One-time wildly strip who has become one of most popular showgirls in the business tells ALFRED BUCKETT why

PINKY ART PORTFOLIO 26
 Top talent of night club and bar scene shows talent spotlight for some of the finest theatrical entertainers in action.

NIGHTS GRASS BUT WITH GLAMOUR 34
 Party-goers' most sexual story, the Golden is that's not coming for readers shows says MARY BURTON

BYLVA WED: WHY STRIPPERS SHOULD STAY SINGLE 42
 Top male tells why strippers are better off living alone and why

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NIGHT CLUB 46
 Just a 10 block ride from heart of Boston, Alcazar's Village is world's most famous Cabaret says JOHN APPEL

departments
RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH 55
GLAMOUR GAY 59

CABARET is published weekly at 1155 North Second Ave. Denver, Colo. 80202. Distribution for United States, Canada, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand and other countries outside the U.S. is by air mail. Payment for advertising should be made to: CABARET, Inc., 1155 North Second Ave., Denver, Colo. 80202. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.



WHAT MAKES JERRY LEWIS go?

Any couple of nation's hottest vaudeville double has blossomed out as triple-threat single with tax and willingness to travel in search of new entertainment triumphs.

By Jack Willner

HEATING out each way in "Rockin'" (left) and glowing before microphone (below), Jerry Lewis captures night club with new act.





THERE IS no doubt any more. The new Jerry Lewis has soared across the entertainment world like a comet whose flaming path cannot be stopped. The country's best two-run team has become the number one single—off in a matter of a few short months. As one Chicago reviewer put it: "Jerry Lewis is no longer merely a comedian. He has become a great performer, one who someday will be ranked with the great ones of the American stage. All the remarkable talent he has is finally being channeled into a smooth, deeply moving stream made up of equal portions of wit, charm, pathos, and soap-and-suds."

When the smoke cleared after the dissolution of the Martin-Lewis empire, which earned \$10 million in 10 short years, the spotlight focused on a new Jerry Lewis. Could the comic, for all his girth, energy and talent, long survive without the support of his easy-going, talented foil, Dean Martin? Would his funny face be as funny without Martin to stretch his mouth out of shape, to provide relief



ENDING WITH AUDIENCE. Lewis smiles regardless to chat (top), then in spite of her embarrassment (bottom), to sing. As she does (bottom) her guests smile, say "Don't rush, you can't sing." Such happy cracks, delivered with Lewis' charm, somehow assure of loud audience, instead make even best of joke laugh with rest of audience.





PERFORM STOP FRANK Lewis quips with audience in offhand manner. He believes it essential to inject personal element in act.

from the iconic Lewis humor with his relaxed, easy staging? The answer, in a resounding affirmative, has been given by a personality which was known during the years of the partnership only to friends of the pair, but which has emerged full-fledged into the spotlight when Jerry went on his own.

What is this personality? How does it change on the stage to make the Lewis half of the Martin-Lewis combo a whole instead of a half? What is it that emerges as Jerry Lewis works alone?

As one critic summed it up, it amounts to the fact that "Jerry Lewis, who had all the charm and appeal of a little boy when he worked with Dean Martin, has now become a man. He has added the skills of the well-timed, seasoned adult entertainer to the laughable dancing of the Title boy, and come up with something that can prove as explosive an entertainment combination as those provided by a Cohen, a Johnson or a Cantor.

So far, everything Jerry has touched has turned to gold for him—even records, a field dominated by the easy success, more raffish Dean, and one which the record makers said Jerry would be a hard to enter with serious songs. But today, his "Just Sings" album and "Rockabye" single have become solid hits.

Developments in the record field are symptomatic of

WATCHING TELEVISION at head table, Jerry sees minute details to change them, gives role his-her's reactions to night's television shows.





PROUD PARENT Jerry games with pretty wife, Paula and youngest of his sons Scott. Two other sons are Roman, 7 and Gary, 11

everything that has happened to Jerry since the split. "Back in 1949 I offered to do some straight singing for one of the record companies," he recalls. "They told me I was an idiot, and now look what's happened."

Jerry, who has correspondence to prove this really happened, takes understandable satisfaction in this as well as the rest of his many successes. They include such diverse things as serious moonwalking—something he practiced only as a hobby for the amusement of himself and his Hollywood friends—and dancing, used to good advantage in his new act.

But the biggest triumph, of course, is in his impact as a single. "I know that I would have to avoid comparisons and go in a different direction," he says of his new act. "But I'm not a standup comedian. I can't stand out there alone and just tell jokes for the whole show. I need situations, and settings."

The format for the new act was hammered out in about a week at Jerry's home in Beverly Hills before his Las Vegas opening last winter. It included a talented troupe of male dancers, the Arringtons, and six in the form of Georgine Dancy, a carefree dancer, and Judy Scott, a singer who belts out a song with as much vigor as the star of the show.

The Las Vegas opening was a hit, but it wasn't felt to be a true test, because of the holiday mood prevailing all year round at the famous Nevada vacation center. A lot of the patrons were there because of the finer attractions on his bank with Dean, and another by the thunderous applause, but still present, were. (Continued on page 51)



OFFSTAGE with supporting cast of new act, Lewis plays cupid in dancing class conducted by carefree dancer Georgine Dancy.



EARL BROWDER and slender thought is caught by camera as muscular laborious Lewis talks shop with members of band.



CROWDING newspaper bands attest Jerry's popularity by mobbing him at record store



READING OF SPLIT with partner Walter Lewis, reads poem at January **CABARET**

AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER



LOUNGING IT UP is one tender feature in Del Ray's specialty. She has infinite variety of ways to put all concerned to places more than once.

Pacing burlesque stages like a tigress, Belures Del Ray is a belligerent brunette beauty who frightens the yell out of men.



By Franklin Thistle

SOME MONTHS AGO, guests in a midtown Manhattan hotel were treated to a rare and entertaining spectacle as, aroused by shouts and sounds like pistol shots, they flung open their doors and peered out to see what was the matter. Before their aroused eyes there unfolded in the hall a most remarkable sight of the old Roman days. In the lead, a portly, respectable-looking gent with his costly expensive clothes in some disarray, in the rear, and cowering up last, a curvaceous, moon-haired beauty with the fire of righteous wrath in her flashing black eyes, and an enormous bull whip in her strong right hand. As the strange procession rapped down the hall, the lady flaked her quarry a series of ascending cracks with the whip, all the while shouting, "Dance, dance, you swartlike Roman!" The gent, between puffs at his unaccustomed cigarette, awaiting plans for mercy until an elevator door opened and offered him its blessed sanctuary. As the silent doors closed on the shuddering



WILLIAMS BIG WHIP as spectacle act. Dekkers handles it with skill of professional Romanist—has also found it effective for softening.



PROMOTING CHARM is not difficult job for cosmopolitan women who know how to carry costumes and acts consistently to retain freshness. She designs own costumes to insure plenty of color and brightness.

Romeo, the story has called her wigs, and without excuse or explanation, tip-tooped her high heeled way back to her room, slammed the door with finality.

It is incidents like this, spread over the space of only a few years, but talked of from Baltimore to Baja, California, that have given Dolores Del Rizo her reputation as the stripper who frightens men—one of the most volcanic personalities in all show business, and certainly America's most savage lass in the strip brigade, when her sex is aroused.

Certainly, at first glance, the casual observer would hardly think it of this petite package of pulchritude, whose unassuming manner and wholesome good looks often cause her to be mistaken for a career girl, or a college coed.

As a matter of fact, most of Dolores' anger is expressed during her exotic act, and not ordinarily as part of the charming personality which she displays to the world, but she is not prone to unleashing the full fury of her temper on anyone who oversteps the bounds of propriety, as in the case at point.

"Actually, one of my big problems in life has always been convincing the overly-ardent members of the opposite sex that I'm to be seen and not touched," says the homely beauty of the blues circuits. "I suppose my act is kind of a defense, because if I seem too



POWDER PUFF entrances and quickly big reactions of Dolores always make her "standing room only" signs where she appears.



EXPOSING more domestic side of unbridled life, curvaceous actress displays typical girl-entendre habits. She has large reflection of rhythm and blues records, is particularly smitten and flies to teen magazines that have lots of pins and fire words, while relaxing

hot to handle, then some will feel like testing the temperature."

The act, incidentally, features the same long and easy bull whip which so impressed the Manhattan critics, a prop which Dolores uses in her Masador dance routine and handles with the professional skill of a lion tamer.

Naturally, Dolores doesn't intentionally try to delight supper club patrons with her bull whip. On the contrary, like any top stripper, she works hard to captivate coherent



FORBIDDEN ON DRUG Dolores prepares to enter after long evening on stage. She feels that she's "lost" her "look" as well

patrons, by making her dance routine "as alluring as possible."

Once, however, she gave way to an overpowering impulse to teach a heckler a lesson he would never forget, and decided on her policy as a result. The incident occurred several years ago on her opening night at a club in Baltimore, Maryland.

Dolores tells the story: "During our first two performances of the evening a party. (Continued on page 50)

Varied night life of Village has earned it reputation as New York's naughtiest neighborhood, still going strong in spite of passing years.



ZANY CHAIRS at Robinson 4th, Greenwich Village are still electrifying, where wild multitude of nightgoers during both sides of street.



GREENWICH VILLAGE; THE MECCA FOR MADCAP MERRIMENT

By Leonard Bennett

AT ONE TIME or another during its 200 years of existence, New York's infamous Greenwich Village has been called the American house of Bohemia, the art mecca of the United States, the haven for free love, and, to quote every seventh-rate comic in the world, the place where they screw you and you can't tell the difference.

Each of these appellations once fitted. Some still do.

The state of mind called The Village has through the years housed tenants such as Edgar Allan Poe, Henry James, Eugene O'Neill, Mark Twain, G. K. Chesterton, and Edna St. Vincent Milley who in their backstreet haunts produced some of



VILLAGE FUNFARE is divided up in various ways depending on one of today's wits. Some settle for early-evening cocktails like that of Sally Christie (left), others go for broke at cheap saloons like howled Jimmy Dunlop (right) plus Ben Sir (right).

this country's most enduring literary media. Winslow Homer painted here, George Washington slept here, Aaron Burr died here, and some of the nation's most colorful brothel keepers practiced their crafts here.

Although night life of every conceivable type of prostitution is still apparent in this Manhattan area which goes from 14th Street to Canal Street and from the Hudson River to 3rd Avenue, a lot of changes have taken place since its 1935 heyday. Probably the most important one is that the overall feeling of seamy and sleazy is noticeably reduced. But the visitor can still find most vices available in the Village, though not necessarily with same accommodation that he might find in any other like community. There are, however, few communities like it.

The history of Greenwich Village is a ledger for the libido traces back to shortly after the Civil War. As uptown streets such as Park Avenue became fashionable, wealthy Villagers moved out of their Washington Square mansions to take residence with the margined boi pollos. Into the mansions moved young artists, painters, writers and actors, all of them brought together by two relationships in common: they were poor, and they were rebels against what they considered to be the stuffy sexual standards of the country.

In order to meet the high arts, dozens of them would live in the houses together. They would eat together, work together and, because no one arranged for the men to be separated from the women, sleep together. The word got around, naturally, that her channels were nightly occurrences in Washington Square, and the reputation



HAPPY MIKE INSPECTOR enjoys views of Bonny Beverly Jane at Ron's Green club.

CAVORTING STRIPPERS
 were then held there overnight
 and suspicion of drug abuse
 and gun parties in Greenwich
 Village. Crowd pleasing, lively
 from (below) his time at some
 Village post palace for three
 months with possible unknown
 run in there for her survival act





TORRID STRIP repeated Village Rhythms is performed by Jane Mark, popular East Coast exotic. Though burlesque is banned in New York, it's her fringing display fails to lose sophisticated mixed audience who continue rather unimpressed



VILLAGE INHABITANTS pass time watching wits at chess (above) while landscape (right) prepares to provide entertainment of less intellectual nature.

given to the extent that even today out-of-towners will take downtown as search of the depravity they've heard taken place behind every locked door.

Actually, the Depression Prohibition period was the most actively thrilling seeking and thrill-providing in downtown Manhattan, and anyone in the market for kicks he couldn't—and probably wouldn't want to—find in his own staid neighborhood, found them here.

Offbeat cabarets by the tons had become big business and, from the spectator point of view, sex in many forms was a major commodity in cabarets. "Drag" shows—acts wherein entertainers of one sex wear the clothes of and impersonate the opposite sex—really took hold here for the first time, after having been a successfully accepted branch of show business in Europe for years. Womanly men and mannish women who, until then, had had little legitimate outlet for exhibiting themselves for money, got the chance when it became evident that patronizers were willing to pay well to watch the strange drama of beautiful men and handsome girls strutting their queer stuff.

Far wilder and less inhibited in the 30's, male and female impersonation was Greenwich Village's chief money asset, and live performing hotels were barred in the south of near obscenity was reached on stage. Like the swallowing of goldfish, drag shows were suddenly something new and thrilling, and each night club owner who specialized in . . . (Continued on page 52)





ROSEMARY CLOONEY: the tomboy with talent



Despite her gentler gender, Clooney, the
hugely beauty of show biz, has worked
her way to record-level recognition as
King Crosby's closest counterpart.

By Alfred Inghetti

SHORT-SLEEVED SWIMMING (right) is presented
gold key to Paramount's dressing room. She comes
pleasure with husband (bottom) at side of pool.

EVEN since the great groover, Bing Crosby, hit his stride more years ago than Bing cares to remember, aspiring young singers have been trying to emulate "Der Bingle's" carefree, casual style. While some of the male crooners never close, none of them succeeded in capturing his easy, melancholy way of putting a song across—it took a daffodil singer to do it. She is Rosemary Clooney, 23-year-old star of stage, screen, and night clubs who is now cutting a wide swath across all fields of entertainment endeavor and scoring at every base.

No less of an authority than Mitch Miller, the bearded genius at the helm of Columbia Records' pop music section, has bestowed the accolade on Rose. "She's a female Bing," he says. "She's a great talent. Sings anything, high or low. And does it in one take. Like Crosby."

There are three reasons to support the argument that Rose Clooney rates as a female edition of Crosby. They are her versatility, ease in singing, and nonchalant attitude about the whole thing.



CHIPPING across time during voice lesson master, "Red Garters." Rosemary Clooney displays ease and versatility at various



HAPPY COUPLE, Broadway and husband, distinguished interrogative, Joe Perry, first met during personal appearance he made for "Cyrano de Bergerac" in fall of 1936. After first meeting he "just kept running into Rene" until he fell in love with her.



BIRTHDAY PARTY occurred on stage for during showing of "White Christmas." Group includes (left to right) guests of honor, King Paul and Queen Frederica of Greece, pulling menu card, Vera Ellen, Danny Kaye and Bette.



TOMBOY Chatter rolls up indulgences in wholesome confidence, naturally, when in night-studying. Here she is about to take dip in private pool.



GLORIED KIDS, Betty, Nelli and Renee pose together at showing of film she starred in, "The Short Girl Singing."

Renee stars in the neighborhood department and has become almost legendary in Hollywood for her tomboyish attitudes about dress, make-up, and an indifference for "putting on the dog" which is probably only equaled by one other performer—her idol, Bing.

Thus has been a lifetime attitude for her. Back in her teen days, Rosemary and her sister Betty went to a singing audition for band leader Tony Pastor in bubble-gum costume with their hair wet from swimming. Recently at a recording session the Chattery hair was so impregnable as a jam session and there was no hint of makeup on her face.



BETWEEN SHOTS in "Short Girl Sings the Girls," Chattery relaxes with fellow performer, Christian Fawcett, 8.

Marked Duetz, a close friend and admirer of Rosemary's was also there at the session. She offered to let Renee use her lipstick.

"Why do I need that?" Rosemary asked her. "I'm working."

Miss Duetz pointed out that there were photographers around who were also working, but Renee paid them no heed.

Renee showed a similar disregard for glamor regulations when she screen-tested in Hollywood. Friends warned her against wearing white dresses.— (Continued on page 54)

CABARETS,



RHONDA FLEMING

Orson Jones

pinup art

THE PROBLEM with television, which is rapidly usurping the role of America's nightclub-on-the-living-room, presenting as it does all of the top stars of the night life field as well as movie and stage greats, is that the picture tube has no memory, and the faces and figures seen fleetingly on the screen cannot be recalled once the set is turned off. But so the pictures on the following pages of some of the best entertainers in the business today. Caught in moments of revelation by artists with spotlight and retouched, they remain forever, assuring your pleasure to turn the page and meet them once again. *

JENNY LEE

William C. Thomas









LILY AVERIS

Kath Searcy

BUBBLES DARLING

F. Roy Kopp



Don You Sweet
©. Boney



Diana Vreba

© 1999







PATTI WAGON

George Spavin

FLORENCE ARNOLD
D. BARNARD

HAITI'S

**grass hut
with
glamour**



STANDING in front of picturesque thatched shanty, tourists and natives night clubbers are about to enter world's largest grass hut (above). Colonial has low diameter of 40 feet.

**Famed Cuban Chaconne offers
spice-tingling voodoo rituals
amidst jungle grandeur of
hanging moss and pulsating drums**



GEORGES ERON (above), manager of Sabalero Cabaon, encourages guests to use outdoor stage area (right) for dancing during intervals between shows.





PERFORMING before appreciative American guests, Fanny Adams recited the verses of "Voluntas," ancient drama song. Grand Chaparral (in background) impressively decorated with primitive Calson structure. Guests will pack great money for evening's fun.

Big Henry Burling

THE WOODCO LAND of Hana is a country of contrasts. It is immediately apparent to the visitor as his plane wings its above grass chaotic huddled nest to sparkling new public housing units and sweeps low over a gleaming highway shaded by butter-burner canopies and sleek, black Cadillacs. The heavy air of deep contrast extends farthest into the Hana night life with the sublime and the ridiculous but a twenty-five cent bus ride apart.

However, the epitome of the Hana's after dark world, the open where the opposite ends of the pole come together is in a grass shack—the humblest of its kind in the world. This is Calson Chaussonne. Among the regular Calson patrons are King Haglens and his lady, members of the diplomatic corps, visiting dignitaries, scores of tourists, and localites who are well aware of the wonders of the Calson.

Even the conception of the huge circular hut is an staff a combination of the new and the old, the ultra luxurious and the very earthy. Designed by an engineer and architect who got his training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology it is built of the oldest materials known to man. Rafts, hand-hewn beams support the grass-plastered ceiling. Rainwater is poured through a low, slatted veritable. Spanish moss hangs from the roughest beams which support thick, brush. A multitude of small yellow lights cast a phantasmic, African aura over the whole interior.

Most of the guests at the Cabana are seated at tiny circular tables where they sample the wonders of the native rum drinks. In a flash it's shoot-time. The yellow glow disappears and is replaced by the only kind of darkness that can exist in a huge grass hut. A pin-point spotlight pinpoints the dancers and finds a tall, thin woman in a dark, satin white evening dress.

"Twilight," she tells the glittering audience, "we would like to present for your enjoyment some of Haiti's folk dances, the Vodoun dances that were first brought here by the original slaves from Africa."

Then the thrilling drama takes over and dominates the scene. They best out a message that tells the story of a people, who were gay despite great oppression, who managed to organize a caribbean culture that is centered on melodic sound.

The pulsating beat of the drums and the mercurial clink of the calonge accompany the traditional "Dance Boule," which is performed by a youth in an extravagant white dress and splashed with crimson. His partner is a lean, tall young barefoot girl. In the symphonic dance, she is paid a visit by death—in the house of Boule. She tells him with her vibrant, meaningful turns and dips to come another time.



VAULTING in air, Boule (dancer) goes still in barefoot beauty. Audience is tense during act but thrilling folk dance ends happily as girl (right) tells Boule to come another time.





SLOW MOTION Men dance in intricate, authentic motion ritual of love in which each movement has significant meaning. Culture is one of few island customs which have not modified random traditions by absorbing modern cinematographical features into their shows.

DANCERS (left) perform harvest dance while island's top drummer Tavena (right) drums out jungle beat.





DANCE NIGHTS at Cabaña are more than foot-taps, take form of social event which draws mixed throng of local burgeois, white, black tourists to record perimeter of huge circular dance floor as Vaudeville dances are performed by brightly-costumed dance troupes.



STYLISH DRESS of Cabaña contrasts with the clothes of peasants, but inevitable shows foot-taps visitors to give hot nightish.

dips to some more sober tone.

All the native dances are colorful and thrive in the heat of the deep, vibrant drum sounds. This is especially true of the dance that pays honor to the big, booming Astor drum, which is reserved for special fiestas and dances. The dance reaches its climax when four tall backs spring high from the Cabaña floor and, one by one, beat the huge eight-foot drum, evoking a booming response that reverberates throughout the huge hall like a triple canon shot on billiards. The ritual is usually the climax of the Cabaña show and as the thrilling beat slowly dies away, the yellow lights appear again and it is dance time for the customers.

In Haiti, where the unexpected is expected and where the ordinary is shunned in preference to the extraordinary, it is no wonder that a girl from Brooklyn prevails over the show at the Cabaña which is 800 per cent native Haitian. The girl is Lavina W-Thomas, a one-time member of Katherine Dunham's famous dance troupe. Lavina is charged with the responsibility of revivifying and preserving Vaudeville dances as an important part of the Haitian folklore. She has charge of the national dance troupe which performs at the Cabaña.

The Cabaña has been in existence since 1940, though some of the early visitors would not recognize it now. It has been rebuilt three times, most recently when fire damaged a part of it. It (Continued on page 37)



"I regret to say, Madame, that our credit department must draw the line somewhere."

evelyn west:



why strippers should stay single

One of *cabaret*'s top exotics reveals how stripper's career can put marriage on rocks and vice versa, says strippers should wait until retirement for romance.

By Evelyn West

(In the April issue of CABARET, stripper Rita Grable gave her version of why strippers make better wives than girls outside the entertainment field. She said the talent-off gals were more understanding and tolerant. Now Evelyn West, herself a famed gal, takes over to take the other side of the question.)

ASTREETPEASER who wears a spouse at the beginning or at the height of her career is a little like the sword swallower who comes to work with a sore throat, his job isn't going to be as tasty as usual, and so time the audience will catch on to the fact.

Last month Rita Grable had some things to say in *Cabaret* about strippers as wives. She seemed to believe that dancers make wonderful candidates for the MRS. degree—even more so than girls who prepare for no business other than marriage from the time they learn to talk—and she backed up this belief with what she must have imagined were perfect reasons. That peeps know more about how to keep a man happy in the layflat than non-peeps do, that they get so much love from the applause of men in the audience that they don't require nearly so much from a husband and so on.



DISPLAYING PERSONALITY and good looks which have brought her fabulous success as striptease profession, Evelyn "Hot" explains these professional scenes can become matrimonial hindrance. She says even understanding hubby might find it hard to accept intimate correspondence and expensive presents received by spicy spouse, not to mention male fans directed at her on stage.



Now all this sounds as if it ought to hold water, and I'm not going to quarrel with most of her arguments. Especially the obvious one that if a divorcee's dexterity in the ancient art of swimming can't keep a hubby from developing a roving eye, nothing can.

Sex is our business, and we certainly ought to know what we're juggling about.

But I take plenty of issue with her as anyone else in the strip-tearoom who say that a gal who makes a living by moving her better parts for the purpose of exciting men can also make a 100% score as a wife. Sure, it's possible. It's also possible to brush your teeth with Dutch Ginseer.



FROLICKING IN WATER is female outdoor activity of afternoon Evelyn. Pretty water has not as clung to her wiggle, swimming up spaces as marriage with husband. Indisputable slogan, "It's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried."



SHOWING COQUETTERILY heads untethered telephone, Evelyn relaxes on laced, stretched bed. Before her phone became top secret link, snapper received many calls from strangers requesting favors that resulted from one of her photographs in her hand on evenings

Speaking for myself, I've had the urge to make with the vine covered cottage and rose petals lot. But I've always had sense enough to get under the covers and rest until the urge passed over. A few times I've even been as close to the altar as a grand as in a bump. But there, too, I've shuddered out before the minister preached the fatal monologues.

Don't get the idea I'm coming out against wedding bells—even for me. I'm only saying that if I'd gone through with it at a time when I was (as I am now) enjoying a bigger income than any bank president, as well as having more night and day fun than Mr. Ideal could offer me in a knot-tying arrangement, I'd be a likely prospect for a stout jacket.

The biggest argument against marriage for a snapper is that all the strikes (Continued on page 55)



SHOWING FIVE (right) lounge with dancing (see and going (above) at home, Evelyn bolsters her arguments



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NIGHT CLUB



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR views of Stanley Blumstein's "Village" illustrate mammoth size of unique venue. Lavish main dining room includes two carving, glass staircases from which 11 carry elevators descend. Shimmering reflects hundreds of sparkling stars.

With an army of 100 serving 2,000 nightly, Blumstein's

625,000 square feet is Boston's claim to cabaret fame.

By Arch Agnew

ON MARCH 17, 1776, George Washington's troops turned their cannons on a section of South Boston where the British were heavily entrenched, opened fire, and blasted the Redcoats from their position to win the battle. Today, the site of the English encampment is occupied by another kind of valiant army of campfollowers, sighted as on by thousands of entertainment seekers weekly, and grimly holding out against the onslaught of television, movies and all the other forces attacking the night life world.

If one counts on the battle for night life survival, this handy institution is a sure bet to win, for it is the world's largest night club, Stanley Blumstein's "Village,"



LEGS OF LAMBS, moved nimbly, today to George Mavor-Landis' dancing. Foremost stars are of Durston, Goss, Pazzo, Collins.



FIRMS OF TABLES arranged long ways in capacious dining room. Villages proper vicinities with elegant modern lounge and separate restaurants. Menus are meticulously printed, on spurs of neatly arranged chairs.



CHECKING DRINKS AND FOOD. Elmer's keeps close tabs on two moving units of great enterprise. Chef, Elmer's Baker and George Swan, run huge kitchen, but seldom accept compliments.

a five-story edifice that may have as many as 2,000 Boston night life lovers to take the \$1.50 taxi ride from the Hub City's famed Common to enjoy such delights as only can be offered by the big, the beautiful, and the volume priced operation that is Elmer's specialty.

Replacing the British bands and rackets, the stars of Elmer's these days are guaranteed by such top entertainment personalities as Marguerita Piazza, Eddie Fisher, Teresa Brewer, Lena Horne, Patti Page, Frankie Laine, Guy Lombardo, Tony Martin and Jimmy Durante, supported by ten elegantly dressed imported from the Morris-Landau agency in Las Vegas, and a top musical combo.

Approaching the club, the visitor first catches sight of the facade, painted to simulate stone and graced with European lattice windows, plus a rainbow of color in neon and pigment that makes the whole place stand out like a redhead in a crowd of brunettes. Once inside, the visitor finds himself in what appears to be the great courtyard of a sprawling Belgian village. Balconies circle the great room, tiny nooks and windows overlooking the skyline around the edge. From the ceiling, hundreds of artificial stars twinkle down while paintings and shadow boxes along the wall glow softly with their own illumination. (Continued on page 20)



IN DRESSING ROOM TO
stage 1 is 'Angie's husband
shows up' for the first
time. 50 minutes after
start. Like a typical
show. Michael
Gaylord, girls are present
and part of Village show.



dolores del rye

(Continued from page 16)

gentleman sitting at a rumpus table kept making wickerlike sounds the way it is a certain part of my anatomy. It was annoying, of course, but I tried not to pay any attention to him. During my staidest act for the bar show, however, when you made a very modest remark that was downright vulgar and I made me feel worse.

"I gave him a dirty look but he just sat there with a lit cigar in his hand making wicker laughter." The only thing I could think of was how much I'd like to make him stop laughing. The next thing I knew I had knocked the cigar from his hand with my whip. The fellow let out a yell and jumped out of his chair, yelling his drink all over himself. The audience gathered and I continued my act as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

"After the show I approached to the owner of the club for my reward. He asked me, pressed and said, 'Why, I thought that was part of your act!'"

Needless to say, the first row boys were considerably subdued for the rest of her engagement.

Delaney doesn't say, these days, how she handled her handlers and over-enthusiastic fans before she discovered the virtues of that hell whip, but the hat she borrows about her only now.

"I don't mind occasional wickerlike but there's absolutely no reason for someone thinking it is all right to make an obscene remark just because a girl's a stripper," says Dolores. "And if a fellow ever makes a real nasty crack to me, I give him a good whack

with my hell whip."

The notorious coterie learned the wisdom of always carrying the wickerlike twinkle in a certain air—the hot hot—before an engaged West. An acquaintance at Larry Porter's famed Supper Club in Hollywood.

Delaney was in town only a few days when an enterprising publicity man whisked her off to Niagara, Mexico, for an unusual—she says—appearance for Delaney—publicity stunt. After a short phone call, Delaney found herself inside a building with no windows to assure the rule of a real masquerade. Delaney continued later that the first night at the time, although she was fully clothed for the event, because she didn't have her trusty hell whip with her. Her only means of defense against a more traditionally hell turned out to be a red G-string a girl supplied her previous partners on her of the traditional tape.

While their bells peeped, Delaney had a chance to really exercise her dancing ability as the hall that had been selected to get private to the publicity gimmick, showed Delaney signs of wanting to get to know the party girl waving the red G-string later.

Delaney's reputation as the stripper who tightens was really gained because when her New York hotel advertised, like many, she was redoubled with the a-compared toward toward of looking herself a highly desirable female in the eyes of some and, at the same time keeping at bay the women who are not content with simply viewing her charms. Strippers are often misapprehended for the rest of thing and Delaney can show one of the most novel, namely, her whip.

While she was appearing at a club in New York a professional gambler who shall be named anonymous used to drop in every night and he announced as Delaney revealed her beautiful body with studied grace. Upon returning to her dressing room, she would find baskets of fruit awaiting her with a note from her admirer requesting his company.

Some girls might have jumped at the chance to be escorted by such a well-to-do hell but Delaney maintained her propriety and, besides, she prefers fresh vegetables to fresh fruit. The guy, however, was obviously used to getting what he wanted. For a week he kept diligently deluging Delaney with baskets of fruit and she put on delicately kept avoiding him.

Three one night as Delaney was preparing for hell in her hotel room, there came a knock on the door. "The opened a crack to see who it was and on barged the misbegotten fruit peddler."

"He and I had a great match but we had held on a small neatly wrapped package," says Delaney. "I told him in no uncertain terms that I didn't want his present and that I wanted him to leave immediately and never bother me again. He answered that I take the watch so I took it and threw it out the window and to show him I meant what I said."

"He started moving toward me with a wild gleam in his eyes. Suddenly, he lunged and tried to grab me. I jumped back and ran to the other side of the room. He frustrated a woman and by the look on his face I knew he wasn't kidding. Then he started to run toward me. I ran around the door and he kept chasing me. I was frantic with fear. Then it dawned on me that I had my hell whip in the closet. I rushed over to the closet, grabbed the whip, and whacked around

in that line."

"When he saw the whip his eyes popped and he stopped dead. As he started to back away I pulled it out. 'You going to touch you to make your own business?' Just as he turned to take cover I lashed out with the whip and caught him right on the nose of his pants. He let out a shriek like he had been mortally wounded and dashed for the door."

"I was after him and chased him down the hall cracking my whip and belting 'thunder.' The elevator had just stopped at the floor and he rushed into it."

"By this time people had come out of their rooms to see what the commotion was all about. They must have thought I was crazy. There I was standing in the hall on my knees with a hell whip coiled in my hand. When I noticed the spectacle I was making of myself, I ran back to my room and closed the door."

"A little later the manager of the hotel called me on the phone and wanted to know what had happened. When I told him, he suggested calling the police and having the fellow arrested. But I figured the fellow had learned his lesson and decided against it. And would you believe it? That very same fellow kept coming to the club to watch my act, but he never came any more than he and always kept a good distance away from me—and my whip."

Delaney was born in Washington, D. C., in 1908. After attending American High School in Washington, she took a job in a bank as a sixth night's operator. It's a party one night she met a theatrical agent. The next day the agent called her at the bank and asked her to drop out and go on tour where she had a chance.

"I thought maybe he wanted me to be a singer," Delaney recalls, "so I had going to the party where we met. But when I went over to see him he and he wanted me to be a stripper. I had no thanks and started for the door. But when he mentioned how much money I could make stripping and when I thought of the pennies I was making at the bank, I reconsidered his proposition and finally said okay. I'm certainly not sorry about that decision now. I probably made more money in my first year as a stripper than I would have made in ten years working at that bank."

Delaney made her debut as a stripper at the age of 19 at Mervyn's Show Bar in Baltimore. She had taken a few ballet lessons as a youngster and a course in modern dancing at high school, and this training aided her greatly in making the transition from rock reporter operator to stripper.

"I got my training in the art of strip-teasing at Mervyn's," says Delaney. "I started out with a three-minute act, and I stayed there for a year and a half."

Delaney took a three-month rest after her first brief encounter with the entertainment world. During this period she almost decided to check stripping but turned to bookkeeping. Fortunately her club owner, devoted of the only boss and Delaney's back account, however, she didn't go through with it and returned to the peeling profession.

Six months later the girl with the 32 31 32 dimensions went to Florida for a vacation and met with misfortune. While relaxing in across the telephone one day, she tripped, crashed into some furniture, and broke her

aria. The accident abruptly ended her sojourn in Florida and she returned home to Washington to have her arm treated.

"The doctor told me I would never have the movement of my arm again," she says. "But I told him that it would heal and that I would work again."

As it turned out, DeLores' prognosis came true. She was back on the job one month after the doctor operated on her arm.

"I had to show my gratitude down," she says. "And this really helped my act. I had to be more grateful and that added more class to me. And I didn't have to work as hard."

A surprise was waiting for her when she arrived at the Grand Room, a club on the outskirts of Washington, where her arm had healed. A number of Washington dancers who had heard about her arm operation were in attendance and stood up and up applauded her when she performed.

It was the biggest thrill of my life," DeLores says. "I had never experienced people so much as I did that memorable night."

Strippers are not large, men usually be as opposed to other ballroom dancers, gymnasts, or acrobatic entertainers. The latter are called strippers, in which DeLores belongs. DeLores is performing on a nationally by combining interpretative dancing with a very suggestive act.

As DeLores puts it, "I have been trained subjects in my strip-tease routines. People who perform suggest risks where I must frequently appear, want to see me presented with sophistication and dignity and prefer acts which have something to their suggestive. They don't want to see 'hot women' who expose private parts and perform level movements. This type of act doesn't make a big hit in bars and nightclub dance, but certainly not at exotic nightclubs."

"My father always told me, 'Whatever you do always be a lady' and I've done my best to follow his advice. Some men seem to think they can take more liberties with strip-tease than I expect for me or two customers, my experience has been that men will always be gentlemen as long as you're a lady."

The bottom end, the last two stripes has never had any trouble with men or her customers. DeLores says her act. However, some night club owners have accused her of performing in the nude. But DeLores is quick to point out that those accusations have not any real basis in fact.

"I was a bit hot last week," she says, smiling broadly. "But as it shows more flesh, colored or transparent pants and top on my act."

Like all strippers, DeLores is constantly subjected to flattery by male admirers. The policy that stands out most clearly in her mind was the comment made by Gene Kelly, co-star of the "Second Young Man in Mill Road" film, after viewing her act in the local Earlwood Room. He told DeLores: "You make me see Mill Road will have a bigger population because of you and me."

DeLores was married but drops all suggestions that possibly her reputation on the strip-tease stage was responsible for her still single status. She says, "When I'm ready to get married I think I'll be able to get someone to marry me. And if I can't well, I can always rely on my ball whip to brighten a man into marriage."



Jerry Lewis

Continued from page 11

some meetings on the part of children that the act could stand improvement.

The few doubts that remained were erased during a television run in the first days of 1962 at Chicago's famed Club Pansy where Lewis performed a last almost unbroken act on the stands of show business in the Windy City—he billed the "New Year's Day Concert" for the club. On what a traditionally the most night in the year for vibrant business—the night of New Year's Day—he billed the house with 1,800 doors and lived there up four almost records in better odds and driving away that celebrated at the city that night.

When they saw me a show back on past stage premiere and Jerry's subsequent did as a performer—one who is an acknowledged master of the act.

Since guests in his Father's engagement, and his TV appearances, the audience much more likely in evening members of the audience to sing a popular tune in the playing of the orchestra. Instead of encouraging the audience to sing and playing up the human interest side of the act, Jerry, on a successful business and handles his "game"—but as an audience member that only the little bit of show business can do it.

"Happy as you're getting on it," he tells me between bursts. "To another he calls, 'You were right. You can't say. As a matter of fact, this was funny.' To a Jerry here, he says, 'What have you been drinking, the vodka?' Stating the then edge of reality, he manages to carry the whole thing off without allowing to appear."

The rest of the act is a last-minute change of Jerry's new business into the others of his singing and dancing first, plus some striking transitions of his more serious show-time accomplishments. His singing, hardly a performer by any quality, rates a surprise rating for that undoubtedly something that people call "bored" and his dancing—when he isn't playing the last final date in that of a professional master of the act.

All of this is hardly surprising to those who remember that he is the offspring of a long-time family of showmen and made his stage debut at the tender age of six in his parents' variety act. But to those who retain the image of him as the god in the Martin Lewis routine, it is a revelation, with wonder that such the vision evolved by my father's generation.

Backstage where he presides over a dressing room that is a combination of his and

another's today, Jerry explains that he is just beginning to get used to the feel of his own act.

"It's beginning to fit me," he says. "And a good fit is very important, in everything from a pair of shoes to a night club act."

One of his legions this during the show comes when he swings into his solid routine of "Bachelors." It is one of the crowd has already been in position this act known such fans, but they break into spontaneous applause as the first line starts, and they would mark the room with their outburst.

"That's the big hook," says Jerry. "When I start the song, it's thrilling."

Such conversation is conducted between the experience of a seemingly endless series of routine bitlines, well-rehearsed and long on as who has through the Lewis dressing room without pause.

"I can't stand any of the time, it is alone," says Jerry. "So I like to have lots of people around." This he does. At the same time, among all the witnesses of the comedy and going, as an act of some presence and presence the physical layout of the room. Lewis is probably the reason men in show business, and while his dressing room may eventually be cluttered with people it can't seem to be cluttered with anything else. He has space of mind. All the arrangements must be in proper order, with his head on one side, shoes on another, shirts draped along the wall. He looks ready for an act, not fully draped without tangles and lines, and makes a steady stream to get all properly staged and staged according to use.

Lewis recently attempted a chat with a friend to come to the assistance of his dress man, who had a business meeting from his chair, asked a woman to go out for a new top hat.

"Hold it," called Jerry. "I've got one right here." And with much going about his pants as a comedian, and good musical humor over his drummer's button-pushing procedures, he proceeded to rapidly and swiftly replace the wrong hat of mine. To a crowd that it was a rare man who we cared enough to carry such an emergency kit with him, Jerry ended with a choice ironic comment.

"Happy as you're there." Next, it always Jerry was, and he opened the dressing room while the hat had come and revealed another element with the first. "Just as you I like me," said Jerry.

A serious matter, Jerry has been known to fill his hotel suite with men when some mediums were close to coming through for the other members of his troupe. "The only trouble when that happens," he says, "is that when I want to take a shower in the morning there are seven guys ahead of me."

He cracks himself down on the bars of his exorcism, proceeding freely from his experience that anything from another's bathroom is hazardous and serious.

Although he's reluctant to talk about it seriously, it's known that he lived a lonely childhood, full of sorrow as the son of a show business couple, and was also an only child. His attitudes mark all his direct to these early experiences, which he feels have left him with a sad and angry need to feel wanted (merciful) and secure. Sometimes even the work, work, work formula fails, and Jerry depresses over it. But most of the time, he is able to have down his feelings—which, he

whoozing in several styles than all the other spots in the area, Golden's plays Chicago style, a happy combination of Bluebelly Rock's, minus the street, plus a Cleveland gang authenticity, a little closer to the top. The Club Balthazar on Sunset Street offers strictly modern jazz, and the new Fiat (where the old Fiat Club once stood) is open on week ends with rock music, modern, experimental jazz and the Balthazar. All the dance or no dance music clubs downtown these last are considered the first ones.

Although drag shows still remain something close to a major industry in the Village, they've made a great switch in operation from the 50s when a gaggle-wild crowd was in danger of having his virtue ripped from him then and there if he so much as glanced at the strange creature standing next to him at the bar.

Three nights, twice each in Moroccan Village, The 42 Club, and Page 3 (all easily accessible) which operates as afterglow grand pretenders are becoming almost dogmatic in approach. Their shows are extensively produced and in no way do they encourage or cater to sexual discharges or emotional release, as such. The 42, for instance, which boasts gorgeously costumed showgirls in with Spanish improvisation, presents full-on musical revues and operates from 635-636-0555 as a window show for such one show.

The dozens of semi-dressed strippers will find their homebase is flourishing in the Village 7 miles a week, mostly from 10 P.M. on. There are others, street girl cabarets, most at dawn in the vicinity of 42nd Street.

One strippers' drag show sits at all times the strippees next to it in two, three and four. The clubs are small and intimate, but it's the bar scene about 42, the average table minimum is \$4.50, and M.C.'s with a chunky gaze are sandwiched on between an audience stream of drinkers in a policy a continuous environment. But the most creative is worth a visit for those interested in a change of another day's complexion.

Stripping at a night life experience is hardly new to Greenwich Village. It began ten years ago when the bar became more and more obvious that a bar was being made based near 42nd Street and 42nd Street and why wouldn't the village clubs, which were jumping along with their shows that featured several top dancers and wonderful costumes try to come of this style?

There did with success. The Paradise played George S. Harris, and other greats along with a name of their own. Later's 42nd Street Club featured great musicians along with the strip, and Club Balthazar had the nation with Peggy Moffitt, while the legendary banders to be very therefore stopped her and eventually Representative of the top scene currently is Tony Puma's and The Blue Room, where Peggy Moffitt, Miss Mary Corrie Finelli, Lily Lunsford and Lynn O'Neill are usually in hand. What prevents the biggest attraction in turning the Village's great and long record is that at least three top names in the underground society can be seen somewhere on the street on the same night.

Twenty years ago Greenwich Village was a strip in a little before midnight and ended somewhere between seven and nine the next morning. Night life declined when a producer (the money was lost during and

or confusion didn't know the meaning of) worked at cabarets. Shortly after this Marshall Beckwith opened in a club-dressed hotel called Greenwich Station on 42nd to be met at all. Greenwich Station was another made up many a cabaret's one reinforced their show. Dances, all liquor were drunk, and nobody had a hangover because everybody's here was in the club's condition. Greenwich Station was the 20 years old body was always going to be 20 years old.

Remnants of the wild early life are still in evidence, and you can still have a night's fun for two dollars (three for two dollars) who remember the Village as its most unadorned—only agree that its atmosphere of no has had a lot of progress.



evelyn west

(Continued from page 44)

are again as strong old as last. One of the top names in the bar—has walked up the middle mile has, times at the last night. She's not what we call an old ball. She's more like the kind of publicity that showed her grabbing other women's hands and driving them to roadside hotels. She apparently thinks that the sex of most money in the greatest thing in the world, and she wouldn't have made the top so often. But she wouldn't make a work.

She'll probably try it again. I hope the next one takes. But I have no doubt. The chances of success are about as good as the chances of having another home after a night on the Las Vegas strip.

Here are a few reasons why:

(1) Because a girl takes her clothes off for a living, the most understanding husband in going to start receiving the way (a look that says when his money comes her pleasure is there. A married man enjoys hering his wife dressed by other men, but usually the her great face, her intelligence and her sense of humor.

(2) Because when he tries to tell her and himself, he rarely means it. This admission to include has understood. Why? Maybe he's a bit of a point, too. A wife's intelligence might be the most important source of privacy in a marriage.

(3) The most sophisticated husband on earth is bound to want something, his head in one when his stripping wife receives adoration, room perfume, expensive lingerie, diamonds, new watches and make them

more of the winning love. The woman who could look make and diamonds should naturally see her preparation the best thing in the morning. But just as naturally, her husband isn't going to be able to fully accept with one the simple explanation, "It's not part of the life. Why, if I thought for a second that the man who was the most married and most made and all these black, white, transparent neighbors accepted any thing in return, you know I'd want to be a million times dead than I do, don't you?"

(4) Because there is absolutely no proof that she's doing anything to make the life better, planning some well-lit gay with her performance on the stage, her husband would be a great thing if he didn't at least play with expensive ideas. And can you come up with a better case for trouble than the existence of the great red carpet?

(5) If a stripper has the publicity, the body, the brains and the brains, she can make up to \$5000 a week just by showing her best to willing spectators. Nobody will deny that, then can pay off the mortgage on the old house and keep everything in the world happy—except possibly the lady who just can't compete.

I'll give in a little and admit that if she accepts a strip from Queens J. Moneybags from Lumbia, a happy ending is a lot more possible. But how many men can that kind of money? Understand I'm not getting the gold-digger wrong as strippers. Many of them, and probably too many of them, really are where earnings are small. I'm not suggesting that it is either right or wrong, good or bad, but it happens. A lady who can her earnings had also a group (even so) to her way to being outside to her house. And when good can come out of a marriage in which a man feels no bigger than his wife's earnings?

Although I fully believe that men are the most winning, and in good a doubt, the best conditions in the history of the world, and I wouldn't want them changed for anything, I have one small complaint. They are too much or too much in they pretend to be. The more they improve and improve they talk, the more old, happy life are when the show are down and they're expected to share three new colors in the living room (though she loves them).

When they say, "I wouldn't see my husband in an extra to make at the time when they just put on the street or when they are in a restaurant," they are really saying, "You've already told us that I'm your guy. If you're not sure about me, then why don't you say so?"

When they say, "It doesn't matter at all to me that you make so much more dough than I do. After all, you deserve every penny of it," they're really saying, "I'm not sure about you, I'm not sure, I never could have in more than 5,000 times a year, to share a work."

Maybe all this sounds as though I think there's just one thing in the right man has a suggestion, or that I'm really choose about what men in making a great man. Actually, like every girl, I'm sure love and to be loved. I'm not throwing stones at one-sided marriages. The marriage men are important to a divorce is a confession. All I'm suggesting is that the girl who gets a lady partner by getting down to the bare essentials (perhaps) by in the partner,

business she'll have a tough time finding her flight to fly there with her.

By now you may have guessed one of my points. (Figuratively speaking, of course!) that a good husband is hard to find—a good husband being a man who can make a living, who can keep most of his wife about him as he wishes either now watching her while take her clothes off, and who can be man enough to agree to take sexual hitting in his wife's house (and who can't remember that he'd probably have to be a combination attorney, therapist, criminal lawyer, chain drink, and all around owner of the last ounce of human in town. He'll need the last, most of all, to put up with this usually honest, always-on-the-go like a wing and a half.

Stories which pop up from time to time prove that the average American girl, at least she has a pretty face, good figure and/or comes complete with a bulging bank account, always has to have the heads of trailing down a man who will stop long enough to marry her. Every one of these stories tells that it girl in show business, especially any kind of show business, never has to worry about where her next meal is coming from. Prospects appear almost every hour on the hour, some of them proposals of marriage. A cynic might have called many things, but she's never been called a lion who needs to go man hunting.

Now, one of the most popular puffs our nation gets that prefers to stay on married business single bloodlines gives them more news on which to hang from head to tail with any entertaining man who comes their path. I don't think that to some extent she is true; being a part of the business of sex all day long, some women do get extra credit because they probably get the idea that when they're selling an idea might be in to share for real, off stage. But, unless they're the very best, and what's her two sides, I think that such women are pretty much in the minority. Strippers enjoy their life, just like everyone else, but they're just a realization about the fate of all as everyone else, too.

The question is how can a stripper, who does more involving than all the freedoms of Show go together, meet and get to know one man long enough to see him up at a possible husband? He'll all ready for the double ring ceremony, yes, but what about her? Unless she can judge with an eighth sense that he's all the perfect things listed above, where is she going to find the time to leave him well enough to conduct even a casual love affair, let alone a marriage?

Until I have the answer to this question, I'll stand by the familiar rule: it's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried. *

HIT STRIPPER JULIA GIBSON STILL BEAUTY IS A MISS

JULIE GIBSON, ex-soubrette, cotillion of two, began her personal show at The Wedge in Philadelphia as "The Beautiful Bride." It will really be a mix, her marriage, Buddy Crutcher and Al McCarthy, who directs all the club, unannounced recently.

Sometimes, they say, the experience has gotten around that Julia is married, and to one of them. This is not true.



rosemary clooney

(Continued from page 20)

her favorite color. When asked what to do about the situation, she said:

"But I don't know and I think I may later when I was what," Rosemary protested.

She showed up in white. Rosemary shook her head and took note that she would think and that would certainly be a comment that Rosemary made a "very beautiful Christmas angel" (comment that her singing was so good that the production people began the way she looked).

It's an old Clooney trick, making people forget anything but that she is singing. A right club owner in New York reported that he never wanted her to appear at his club.

"I love money," he explained. "While she's singing, no one plays the piano machine."

Even though Rosemary likes to do things her way, she's willing to listen. She listened to Dorothy more than ever. While she was making her second movie, "Red Garters," Dorothy came on the set and noticed that Clooney was talking back, usually, making people forget her name. Dorothy took her for a walk, gave her some sound advice based on good experience and ran over the scene with her once or twice. Rosemary returned and did the scene admirably.

"She has a working quality," Dorothy says. "She's smart, sure, efficient, but still full of life."

Of course, Rosemary's "A" is an admirable woman. She's been wonderfully kind to me. She's interested in all I do—personally or in business.

This unbridled admiration notwithstanding, Clooney, often called in the "wilderness" type, is well aware that she will never run as a Dorothy. She comments: "With what I've got to work with, as a female leader, I'm dead!"

Rosemary got a lovely break when, as a young girl, her own physical state naturally when she was a comedian and single on audition for a Bob Hope show. A representative of Hope—the brother, Jack, in fact—was in Connecticut to select pretty girls who could sing and would be ready for a chance to appear with the famed comedian. Rosemary and Rose were doing a dance act. But since only one woman would be selected, they decided to split up and enter the contest. Rose would Jack Hope in an office building and explained: "My sister and I have always sung together. But, for your choice, we wanted of us could audition separately."

Jack Hope took an approving look at Rose and replied: "You'll get a lot further in a career as than you will alone."

Yet, today, Bob Hope with whom Rose has worked several times (she didn't even bother making the Communist audition process) like an "a great girl, fresh as a lemon," Rose says: "I don't get that 'loopy and water back' and that he's enjoyed working with her."

When she first hit Hollywood, a place where the dollar to blow your own trumpet, came heavily, Rose seemingly had a complete lack of physical attributes. When interviewers asked her if she considered her self glamorous, she'd reply: "Oh, no. Not very." That, she's discovered, was a mistake.

"I'm using different notes now," she says. "If anyone says 'you're a doll, by golly, I agree with them.'"

When she first met the Old Comedy—a tradition of a long running down her feet—Rosemary Clooney looked like a real star. Rosemary Rose was working on the film "The Great Dictator" when she met a friend of her, Bing, who was a friend. The friend introduced them and Rose's company went to pieces. She actually lost her breath, appeared collapsed when Cindy greeted her with "Hi, Glad to see you like the way you sing."

To Rose's question, Rose gave a short, hunched answer, generally presented a picture of very confidence, she felt like she was being "introduced to an audience."

The last time she finally fell off on his knees.

"He looked back over his shoulder," Rose says. "I could just hear him thinking—'wow.'"

The relationship speaks for Clooney's confidence for several days. But when she recovered from Cindy's act, she was so concerned of her confidence and determined to correct the first impression.

"I want to explain to you what happened the other day," she began, without any preliminaries. "I'm not a comedian. I was terribly shocked at meeting you—that's all. I hope you understand and I hope to see you around sometime."

Then she felt Cindy's ground and he had her close friend over soon.

When Rose looks in the eye of disappointment in more than one way to find what has been called her "American dream," she's not a comedian and her confidence. The latter quality comes to light in her work on movies even more than it does in her performance on front of a club.

Edward Norman Younger speaks for most of the lull in the Paramount for when he stars: "We think we've got a real find in Rosemary. She has a personality that makes her a real, relaxed performer."

Younger worked with Clooney on "The Stars Are Singing" and "Red Garters." "The Stars Are Singing" and "White Christmas."

Younger, who produced "The Stars Are Singing" always with Rose "MacGrady." He thinks she has a gold mine in her offhand casual approach. "It seems to me that, in fact, he will be performing a great discovery." Adams says: "She has a wonderfully expressive face. But a definitely the pleasure—nearly photographed the way it is."

Richard Jean Ferry, who can hear more

what a 2-dimensional life was as both writer and publisher was "suggested" when he saw *Chinatown*. Not that the adults "I was disappointed that a girl who had never used *Idiot*" would be that good the first time out.

Funes, who lived just Chinatown where he was making a personal appearance last for "Cinema de Rejuveno" in the fall of 1958, "not long running was *Blue*" said he fell in love with her. He says she has outstanding interpretive talent. He was good enough to "bring without notes" anyway, says that people who depend on technique in singing, rather than on sincerity, don't make the best actors or singers. Funes enters the outstanding world of *Scenes* as "Wine To Rejuveno" and *Chinatown* as "Country Girl" as examples of his point of view.

An important person in Funes's scheme of things is a good friend and big dance coach, Ben Allen. Ben Allen is an old man who lives in Chinatown. She and Ben have perfected a special system. When Ben Allen thinks Ben's hands or feet are getting in the way of effectiveness, the drama. Ben's delirious. He makes mistakes then to leave the dancer to eat "fat," so she can begin all over. She calls Ben Allen a "perfectionist."

One person who is her true enthusiastic about the way Hollywood is handling Chinatown is Mark Miller. Mark has to say Ben. He says Ben Allen "was."

"There's not a lot going on any of them," he answers. And it's simply because they don't know what to do with Chinatown.

Ironically, the last recording of "Come On a My Blues," produced a record that sold between "Wish, Miller, the genius behind the lyrics of Columbia's great department. Unaware that she was singing against time and fortune, Ben gave Mark a hand one when he started that she cut the tone.

"Mark Miller made me feel as though that was" Ben's last track. "I now have been going through a stage when I thought I could only sing behind. It wasn't that I doubted the song. I just couldn't believe it was right for me."

Miller, who has been with her ever with Columbia as singing coach, singer, musical man, and arranger, says the number was right for Chinatown. He proved his power when the recording sold more than a million copies.

Miller first encountered and appreciated the Chinatown talent when he heard one of her live recordings, "Gimme For You." His comment "Nice sounds" has left her that "depth and tone." Shortly thereafter, Miller, who was with Mercury and had just returned from London and his "Wish Time" to many hits, says and does in recording things with a girl named Patsy. Patsy moved in when and where Miller went to Columbia. He took a look at the first album. Ben's Chinatown's contrast and contrasted. "We'll better have a new one down up or I won't be able to get any work out of you."

Mark's attitude gave her back to him "even before we started working together," she, Chinatown says.

He signed thousands of dollars in his experiment with Chinatown and Ben's before the same recording sales. "I wanted to do something with the comparison between a badly done and the sophisticated eye-woman of the world," Mark explains.

RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

Cafe Continental



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of many talents whose mastery of military science was fully matched by his ability in a much less publicized art: cooking. When he was not handing out battle orders, likely as not he was hovering over a hot stove concocting some gourmet delight. One such dish the French emperor threw together at the height of the Battle of Marengo in Italy and it has come down through the years to become a culinary treat. Called Chicken Marengo after the battle (which Napoleon, of course, won after glazing himself), the dish is but one of the finest European specialties featured at Chicago's Cafe Continental by host Dave Foland.

A guest who believes in quantity as well as quality at the dinner table, grand Dave of Berlin's descent offers sumptuous spreads at tables that seat at 33 for a swellsome feast with all the fix'n's and go up to a 36 top for what he calls a Roman Holiday Dinner, something truly formidable served up on a silver platter. The feast tries to duplicate the old Roman opulence in every respect except the organization.

Not one to follow the precept that man lives by bread alone, Dave feels that soft romantic meals is an aid to the digestive tract and provides a soothing transitional with gastric straining very un-Frenchish times.

Continental atmosphere is the motif of the tastily-decor. A quite reasonable luncheon of a wine cure is associated in one course while another week disappears the brightness of a grape treat.

But basically the food's the thing at the Continental with Dave personally presiding over the cuisine and following the culinary principle he first picked up while cooking at home during the depression years while Papa and Mama were both at work to keep the household eating regularly. One Continental delight called Veal Arrogant he named after the small Berlin house town of his father. An original with Dave, the dish has another steps and Ben's theme, topping a veal steak broiled on garlic butter and lemon.

For less gluttonous folk, Dave maintains on the street level an indoor sidewalk cafe: first of its kind in Chicago. Here a dozen different kinds of coffee are served up with goovy French pastries or delicate finger sandwiches. It all adds up to an eatery in truly European style, bound to please appetites as varied as pinpoints or pots.





"I'm afraid I can't give you the key to my heart. Would the key to my apartment do?"

Starting proof of the Clancy strike, is in various phases of the singing business, is described by a *Blackboard* writer. When history of 1933. The latest part of the story, Miss Clancy caused the destruction of having two Columbia Records burn—on separate managers—among the top ten listed in Harry Magness as favorite of the public. Her bright, sentimental ballad, "Hey, There," maintained top position in the listing for weeks—while "The Old Man," a rollicking rhythm number of equal a close second. "Hey There" has the musical, "Peggy Sue" because the last year from a musical, to sell over a million in only nine years then. The fact they could remember by October 1933 it had topped up a sale of 1,200,000. Road has torn the guitar from the album by a number of "Hall of Fame," through the ball transfer half-length, "Buck's 1934," in which she shares the tune of an Indian manna, through an outstanding recording, "Two Dots To Go The Mustard," in which she thoroughly sings, offers an almost unique ball country she in some places, the historic combination of Miss Clancy. Add to this, the two, January Clancy (such as "Come On & My Heart") and possibly a picture of one of the most exciting album songs, "Come On & My Heart" (discovered by the major label), mark, projected Clancy into the future.

There are other demonstrations of the Cheney sensitivity issue he awarded \$1 million for Colombia's children's forced labor.

There is enthusiasm about the past of New York. The outlook is excellent.

"I've convinced them the record industry gives a more honest approach to the recording of children's songs than to any other type," she points out. "In the latter songs, for instance, parents and all kinds of who's-what-ers brought into play. On one of our first recordings, I had to use a tape-recorder and a clock. Then there are the singing games and even so many animal and such."

She looks a different with friends, but she finds date arrangements aren't enough, she has discovered. DeLeon has to be herself. The reason—children are interested about parents and frustrated when they get more complicated clearly. She's learned too, that you don't patronize or "sing down" to children. They recognize and "sing" back at it.

Reverend for the past years to Miss Chinnery's previous work in that field. But she was up against a headwind in New

"Children don't buy most women's voices. You see, they are so used to being around the housewife's cloy and hearing their mothers' voice. To them the feminine discipline. They go for men's voices. They are crazy about men."

Bundy's solution to this problem was simple. On her children's records she sang like a man with a lemons voice. It has worked! Her children's records have sold more than a million, her outstanding collection "Navy Soundbite" which did a thumping one million.

When Paramount Pictures started *Romeo* in the film "White Christmast" playing live in the orchestra company of Ring Lardner and Danny Kaye, perhaps the only person in the United States who objected was a certain Hollywood actor. Musical of La Chouette's song, later found to be

Young men, big noses and long legs, the narrow-necked flat-topped in "an attractive girl," but looking in reflection "physiognomically almost to evoke a howl."

When Miss Glimmer herself read the account, she did a little more. Naturally, the Kentucky farm neighbors ran like gathering to praise in her neighborhood circle. But that morning, things were normal. In the first place, she was pregnant. In the second place, she read the review sitting opposite author-producer New Yorker at breakfast. Romance numbers had unfortunately made fans in the thousands. But Foster happens to be the only living man who she wants to keep impressed with an edition of her glasses. The husband

Reinhold Furrer came through in the crowd. Leaning across the table and looking full into Rosemary's collapsey face, he demanded: "I wish you'd tell me how you got into the latrine but if you're not glamorous enough to attract some sort of love affair."

Greene rates high all over Hollywood (she isn't only in the ranks of technicians but among the sparkling personalities of the movie colony). Sharpest criticism they have of her is that she seems to light back when asked. Rong has her own explanation of this:

"Usually when something goes wrong, I try to say nothing until I've cooled down, and then usually I walk my dogs and tell them my troubles or take a shower and let the air in the shower stall do that for a while. If any of these don't I get the trouble out of my system. It does for an effect and to tell people all that is a happy effort not to be a person and think of all the trouble you have to go through to make it worse or negative." ❄



carbon

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himself and his, a lesson in a storm, as the
city that most explores the spirit and
heart of Italy.

Two years after the Galois came into being in line to be enlarged. This was because had become fully the center of night life on the island - a position it agrees to this day. The other country but could not accommodate the needs of its visitors who were attracted to the place, as the first bar was torn down and a second one built on the mountain top.

Among the factors that have contributed to the Colson - great scandal, the money



THE BEST

Calandrinia leucophaea, Murray and most exclusive vegetation of the range. Plants forward without additional base illustrated herein but in

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THEATRICAL

LINGERIE • COSTUMES

STUMP PAVING—MR. FRONCO

STAGE FOUR—O-STEPHEN

WILEY-INTERSCIENCE, A JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC. PUBLICATION

MANY OTHER TERRIFIC THINGS

Wolcott, J. A. 1990. *How to write a dissertation*. New York: McGraw-Hill.

COVER GIRL ORIGINALS • Sept. Mid
7TH Fth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

one in the rich meaning of the love of the whole is water, with the sweet and most adaptable aspect of a Western world water. The 17 pages, those which hold forth in the Calcutta House, danceable, American, and French numbers for the between share dancing on the line, can be done here.

Because the conventional life is both unending and really unworkable, it is "bored" by all mortal men. Whenever there is a major loss in the human scheme, it seems to be consumed by the failure with gusto. The place is open on Sundays, Mondays, and all holidays. Most events are planned so that the stopover in Hell will take place on one of the days when the Golem is away.

[illegible]

This is partly made the most for the whole Chamorro hotel, which also features swimming pool on a palm lined bank. The hotel itself, is typical of the kind of accommodations to be found in Pohnpei mountain resorts, some five miles from Pohnpei. The resort is much cooler than the port town which has become throughout the pages of history a memorable landmark for sailors of all



blinstrub's village

(Continued from page 48)

The floor is covered with money laid flat across.

Open from 3 p.m., the Village not only offers a night life refuge for Bostonians, but serves as a hangout spot for hundreds of early evening guests who also patronize the alibi grille and separate cocktail lounge.

Each show at the Village is a miniature Broadway review, going about twice to the agent's house. "First you play Broadway, New York, and then you play Broadway, South Boston." Agents are delighted to book their top acts into the Village, because the work is happy to pay handsomely for their services. He more liberal \$100-\$150 for a week's work, plus \$25,000 for Party Game. Max Puzos's take has not been revealed, but it is reputed to be a seven-figure sum.

All of the actors who have played the Village stage have appeared for five lights some way or which could have paid the freight for both the actors that once did battle on the spot.

For all that, however, come to the weekend at Blinstrub's means nothing at the happenings basement stage. An important part of Stanley Blinstrub's formula on the east end had top of the world's biggest stars, the dancer acts for between \$1 and \$3, and though there is a minimum on weekends, Blinstrub says it is partly to insure that the customers who are turned away aren't kept out by doublets—actors who come, look, and don't spend.

Part three of the magic formula is the machine like process with which the place is operated. Though grand Stanley is an amateur, he is a strict disciplinarian among the 200 employees who take pride in running the Village.

A handful of them are waitresses, girls who, as Blinstrub says, "could suck and cover one of them take a place in the eleven line any night and so on the floor."

Two clubs, Masher Kallins and George Stone, provide over the house, rotary red lanterns, where the "mean old" proprietress himself, is likely to be the final meeting of all orders during the evening. No extra shows are featured—no comedians in the eastern New England temperance.

"Don't plan more fish and the fish," says Blinstrub, who finds that Stanley—especially those with minimum cover—are tops in paper money, with as many as 1,000 pounds of uncolored bank passing over the bar and into the treasure of happy diners in one evening.

During the past summer, Blinstrub spent a fortune for improvements in his entry, installing many startling innovations. First and foremost is the new and brilliant lighting system, only electronically controlled setup of its kind in the world, costing \$75,000. Some 252 miles of wiring was used. It's actually possible to paint with light, eliminating all sorts of manual effects for the stage shows and entertainers.

A new circular staircase of steel, glass and so on, leads from the top stage, backed by a famous glass screen. The new stage gets downed from above, displaying their own curves, while the lights themselves turn costumes and scenery into changes within fractions of seconds.

The musical panel for this lighting system has already attracted attention from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other local schools. By pushing various buttons, the operator of the panel—which does all the thinking—can drive 200 lanes down from six different sets. And there are 10 ways of combining these sets, adding up to thousands of color effects. In the basement, an other level controls 100,000 watts. The dinner alone weighs over 5,000 pounds.

Like Tupper, the Village "not good." The story of the amazing night club is really the story of its proprietor. Self-proclaimed Stanley could easily be taken for a bank director or the conservative blue serge suit he wears. There is nothing in his appearance that would hint the involvement of the night club he has nurtured through the years.

It all began in 1947 when young Blinstrub decided to set a run-down restaurant on the corner of D street and Broadway in South Boston. The Blinstrub clan had settled in Brighton, a suburb of Boston 20 years earlier. In the intervening years, Stanley had done a multitude of things.

"In some ways, it's strange that I landed in this business," smiles Stanley. "You see, I had done everything to earn a living in my younger days—making, making doughnuts, handling prices, working in a machine shop, as a labor assembler and a union. Luckily, I managed to save a considerable amount of money, but it all went with the wind in the 1920s stock market crash."

The new restaurant was an immediate success. Stanley and his father, when the young man asked him buying the money for \$10,000, netted \$25,000 the first year. This was a long way to making up the financial loss incurred by the stock market loss. Additionally, the club played a part in the extremely low purchase price. The original owner had offered the place for \$10,000 before the financial pain.

"That was in the good old days when a bare sandwich bar had and sold for a night, while a hotel dinner cost two bits," smiled Blinstrub.

The nightclub really worked 16 hours daily to make a success out of the restaurant, just as he does today. After his father died in 1925, Stanley continued to receive the income on the building, deciding to transform the meat market into a night club. It was on New York's Bow, 1928, after working for 22

continuous hours, and helping set the last wheels in place at 7 p.m., that he opened the Village for the opening of 1927. The crowd was a surprised 200.

"I started \$100 dollars a piece," says Stanley. "That included a flat magazine dinner, two cocktails and a small bottle of champagne as well as a flat show. The girls came from 10 states."

And the place continued to come from all over the country—coming in such throngs that the Village had to be enlarged again. In 1931, when 150 could be seated at once. Ten years later, the figure was doubled. The business started a first year company. Then '40 enlargement was the result of a first year report, received by Stanley's brother and his employees. In the meantime, the Village staged open as its regular schedule. Nothing was done around it. When completed, the old walls were demolished, revealing the Stage right club as the world's—at present, indeed.

Harvest in the house. Mary Daniels, his childhood sweetheart, Blinstrub is the proud father of three married daughters and five grandchildren, plus a son, who is studying medicine at Boston University. Stanley is only at his Chestnut Hill house for sleeping peacefully, even working toward the club. Stanley, but his family now lives at the Village, where they often drop in for a snack or a drink.

The owner of the Village has one remaining hobby: charity work and helping build Stanley's afternoon, he often opens his place to "free agents," changing the boys and girls one day for which they see the popular stage shows and shows, having served well within and with dance, every dollar is turned over to various charitable organizations.

Organized charities take over the Village Stanley's meetings, setting up prices donated for admission. Blinstrub doesn't mind the losses, providing full-course dinners and dancing shows for takes toward their playing machines. Last year, he raised \$170,000 for three worthy causes. And on one night, he wouldn't take a one for a \$100-per plate and that drew 1,500 people, who donated a total of \$155,000 to a church charity.

On one occasion, a priest in a nearby hall had sold 3,000 tickets for the value for a charity offer to be held at the Village.

"But where will we put them?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, I didn't think of that," and the priest "Forbes I should pay for me."

And it did, just the capacity of 1,700 attending the dinner.

Blinstrub will never forget the time he decided to add a 300-seat night club to his 150-seat restaurant. The friends told him it would prove to be a mistake, but his mother's warning of his enthusiasm. He was told that his business was wrong, that the downtown was so, that money was not right. The family even presented a Harvard professor to try and make him change his mind.

"Come back in two years and apologize," Blinstrub told the professor.

So the two years passed by, with the professor finally arriving for work.

Optimizing on the philosophy of the late scientist, Arthur Eddington, Stanley believes that "you give the people what you want to see." And that's exactly what his business scheme and to maintain the high-4 night club as it does United States, at anywhere.

glamour gab

By Horton Cooper

STAGE AND SCREEN STUFF. Rosalind Barry, recent member of the Lollabrigada School of Acting, has a new kind of inferiority complex. "The only girl a 37" bust," she complains, "no nobody believes I'm lesbian." . . . 20th Century Fox has put the pressure on Jayne Mansfield: from now on her busting Out All Over photos must be "more dignified." . . . The dialogue in Tennessee Williams' prize-winning play, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" is the roughest in years, but none of it got bantered during its Broadway run. Before its Paris premiere, though, the director cut all the words he thought might shock the audience. Result: At The cruise called it dirty, anyway. Result B: The director colored the words put back in. . . . Although the filming of "God's Little Acre" hasn't even begun (Robert Ryan will star), censor groups are already insisting they'll fight to have it banned. Suggested name for them: God's Little Acre. . . . Anita Ekberg is hot stuff here, but the British press refers to her as The Bare With A Bust. (We don't get bored so easily.) What tell they are her in a stripper in her new Becker, "The Swimming Man." . . . This isn't an eye chart, but a listing of current movies. "Bull," "Zerk," "Huk," "Drango," "Garcen," "Ondelaga," and "Chu Chu Boon." . . .

GRIND AND RUMP RANTER. Which one's got the phony? Tina Louise, the super-constructed beauty on Broadway's "L'il Abner," plans to sue Tina Turner, the super-endowed perler. Why? . . . Winnie Garrett manages to be sexy even when she sits at the N. Y. Spindletop and pulls papers off bush chaps. "I'm the kind of business woman," says Winnie, "who's sold everything but my body." . . . The robots being and parades of current events, one is now calling herself The Mad Rumper. . . . Elton Whistomere gets everywhere. His East Coast date is pretty pecker Gino Martin, who parks them in at Tony Pastor's in N. Y. Gino does a sautry number that makes Pansky's contraption suitable for church service. . . . It shouldn't happen to a stripper, especially a doll like Rose

Lafosse. Rose played The Gypsy on Cincinnati this winter for 3 days while the collar boiler was on the blink. No heat, during below zero weather. Rose had to keep getting down to the bare essentials while her audience huddled in their leather jackets. A major ordeal, but Rose's act kept the place hot. . . .

RECORD RUN. The new guys are rattling Jerry Lewis' hit record album "Mister To Get Even With Dean Martin Esq." (P.S.) Martin needs't worry. . . . Robert Sylvester suggests the best way to play a Lawrence Welk record is on a square phonograph. . . . Vincent Lopez won't wear lucks after all, he says, because they went him and his band to play for bread and Buddies. . . . New album expected to cash in as extended from a tape made three years ago by James Dean on lounge. Complete with Dean and Tie. . . .

AFTER DARK, BUFT. Who says the day of fantastic fees for cabaret entertainers is over? Ray Bolger goes into Las Vegas' Sahara in July at \$25,000 a week. . . . Jack Benny wears trousers in Vegas to keep away from one club. "The comic can't be any good," says Benny, "because they're paying him a heap \$15,000 a week." . . . Don't worry about Milton Berle's fate. He just broke all records at Martin Berle's plush Eden Roc. . . . Nice guy depicts Not generally known



GINO LOLLABRIGADA

is that Jimmy Durante gave ailing Eddie Jackson a year off with full pay. . . . Newest N. Y. entry baritone will be Jackie Gleason. He claims he's got a revolutionary idea for a club, but won't confide it yet. . . . One reason Stephen Tucker stays at the top is that her material stays topical. Her new act includes a Frothy takeoff and a novelty song called "Calypso Mama." . . . Sarah Vaughan, Miss Vaughnderful, comes up with the one about the bopper who gets a pint of blood and a shot of morphine after being in an auto accident. "Doc," he confesses, "I don't dig your wine but, man, that cheese is the end!" . . . A sign in a Greenwich Village bar reads "Drink and Be Mary." . . .

NIGHT NOTES. Manhattan is now known as The Place Where Night Glows Any 6 Months Long. A lot of the top ones are taking, many of the side street ones are giving up—because of tax troubles and because people are staying home unless the attractions are really big. One current gag goes that a club in Gotham went bankrupt so suddenly last week that the help got locked in. . . . Rock 'n' Roll is becoming squarer every day, now that calypso has taken over. The songwriters who used to hang around Tin Pan Alley with sidewalks down to their knees ("to feel the heat") now play it very West Indian by wearing flowered open shirts, straw hats and garter ("to let the moon"). . . . Most kinds of culture may never have a big testimonial dinner for Harold Minsky, but The Ziegfeld of Burlesque won't ever fret. Last year he staged a suspicious pageant in and for the Dominican Republic. This season he introduced his skin-and-ropes shows to the ultra-class night life ball "Minsky Goes To Paris," a full fledged burlesque, with swappers and baggy pants comers, opened in January at The Dunes in Las Vegas, and probably will stay there for months to come. The entire production, served up with Minsky's own profitable recipe of high brow and low down artistry, is a tremendous success there. Star extras are Brandy Martin and Pat Amber Haldedy.

CABARET

